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15 Front Street East
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THE NEW
EDUCATIONAL
MUSIC COURSE

BY ALEX. T. CRINGAN

COMPLETE IN FOUR BOOKS

Book IV

M. Cotton

TORONTO
CANADA PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED



COMPLETE IN FOUR BOOKS

THE NEW
EDUCATIONAL
MUSIC COURSE

BASED ON THE SYLLABUS OF MUSIC FOR PUBLIC AND MODEL
SCHOOLS, ISSUED BY THE ONTARIO EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

BY

ALEX. T. CRINGAN, Mus. Bac., Tor..

*Licentiate of the Tonic Sol-Fa College, London, Eng., Teacher of
Music in Provincial Normal and Model Schools, Toronto.*

THIS BOOK MAY BE USED AS A TEXT-BOOK IN ANY HIGH SCHOOL OR PUBLIC SCHOOL
IN ONTARIO IF SO ORDERED BY A RESOLUTION OF THE TRUSTEES

BOOK IV

TORONTO:
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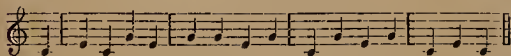
SIGHT-SINGING STUDIES.

These exercises should be sung to the Tonic-Solfa syllables and then to the syllable *laa*. The position of *Don* should be indicated by the teacher.

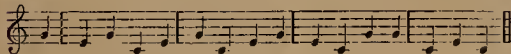
CHAPTER I.

THE TONIC CHORD.

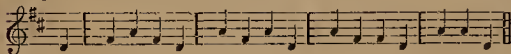
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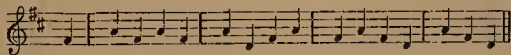
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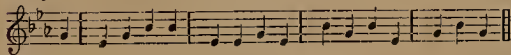
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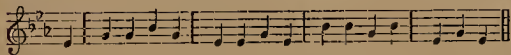
Ex. 4.



Ex. 5.



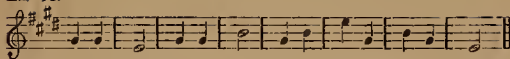
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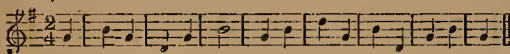
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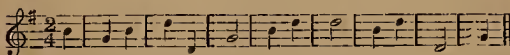
Ex. 16.



Ex. 17.



Ex. 18.

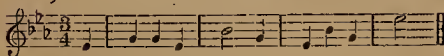


THREE-PULSE MEASURE.

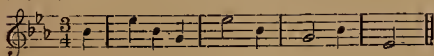
(Triple Time.)

The dot increases the length of a note by one-half.

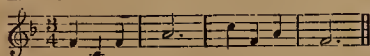
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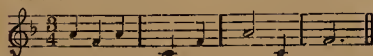
Ex. 20.



Ex. 21.



Ex. 22.



CHAPTER II.

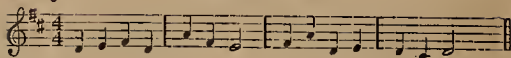
THE TONIC AND DOMINANT CHORDS.

Doh Me Soh and Soh Te Ray.

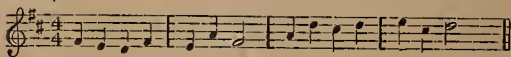
FOUR-PULSE MEASURE.

(Quadruple Time.)

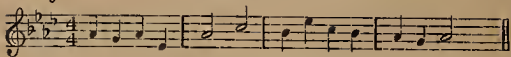
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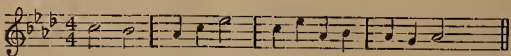
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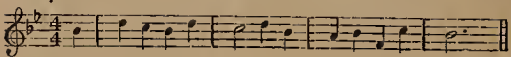
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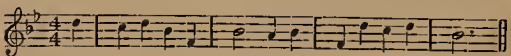
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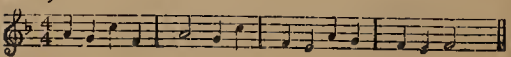
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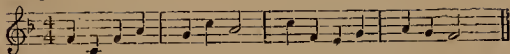
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Ex. 29.

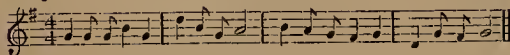


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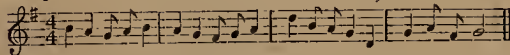


HALF-PULSES.

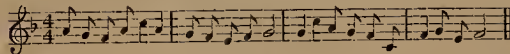
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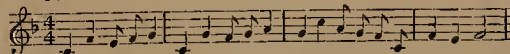
Ex. 32.



Ex. 33.



Ex. 34.

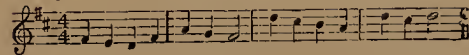


CHAPTER III.

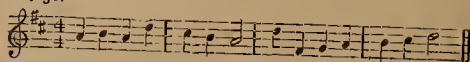
THE TONIC DOMINANT AND SUB-DOMINANT
CHORDS.

Doh, Me, Soh; Soh, Te, Ray; Fah Lah, Doh.

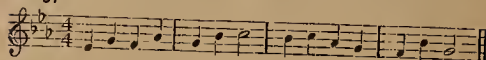
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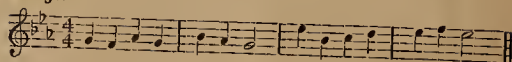
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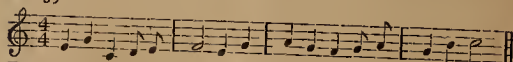
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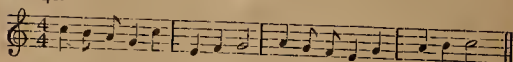
Ex. 38.



Ex. 39.

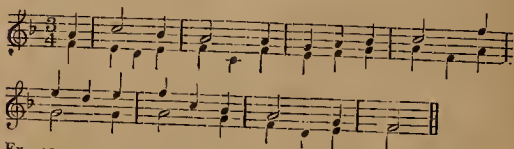


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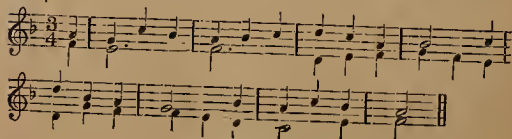


TWO-PART STUDIES.

Ex. 41.



Ex. 42.



THERE'S A PURPLE TINT.

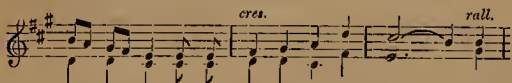
E. C. POLLOCK.



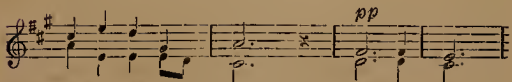
1. There's a pur - ple tint on the wood - land leaves, And the



winds are up all day; There's a rust - ling heard in the



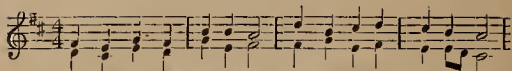
yel - low sheaves, And it seems to sad - ly say, Sweet



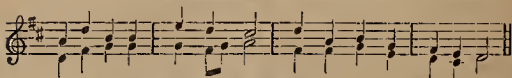
Summer's gone a way, Gone a - way,

2. In the wrinkled brook no roses peep,
And the bees no longer stray;
And the butterflies have gone to sleep,
And the locust trills all day,
Sweet-summer's gone away, gone away.
3. O'er the hrowning fields the spider spins,
Where the lambs no longer play;
And the cricket now his chirp begins,
And the quail is whistling gay,
Sweet summer's gone away, gone away.

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.



1. Faith! thou art our guiding light, Mid deep darkness of the night;

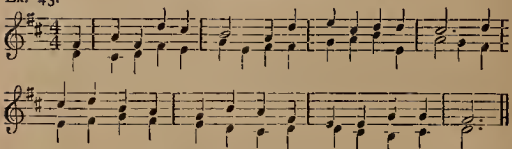


Let us keep thee e'er in sight, Burn-ing ev - er burn-ing bright

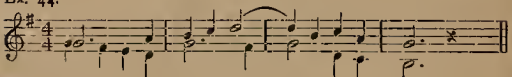
2. Hope! thou art our anchor strong,
On a sea of woe and wrong;
Hold us surely, hold us long,
Though the storms around us thror

3. Love! thou art God's smiling face,
Present here, in every place;
May we never miss thy grace
While our earthly path we trace,

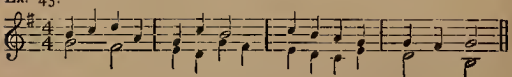
Ex. 43.



Ex. 44.



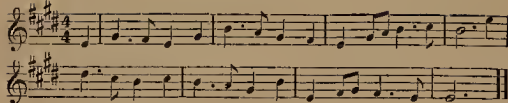
Ex. 45.



CHAPTER IV.

(Dotted notes ♩ . ♩)

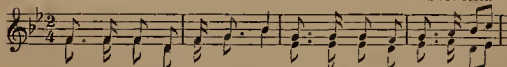
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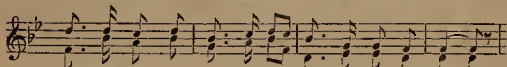
SCOTS WHA HA'E.

BURNS. *Maestoso.*

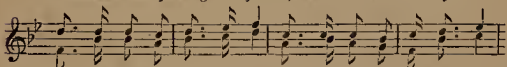
SCOTTISH.



1. Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled! Scots wham Bruce has at-ten led;



Welcome tae your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry!



Now's the day and now's the hour; See the front o' bat-tle low'r;



See approach proud Edward's power, Chains and Sla-ver-y.

2. Wha will be a traitor knave?

Wha can fill a coward's grave?

Wha sae base as be a slave?

Let him turn an' flee!

Wha for Scotland's king an' law

Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

Freeman stand, or freeman fa'!

Let him follow me;

3. By oppression's woes and pains,

By our sons in servile chains,

We will drain our dearest veins,

But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!

Tyrants fall in every foe!

Liberty's in every blow!

Let us do or dee!

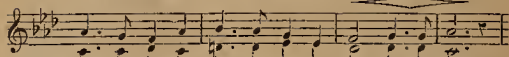
ALL THRO' THE NIGHT.

MAYNARD.

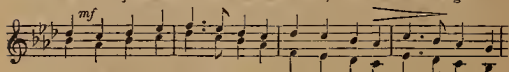
WELSH MELODY.



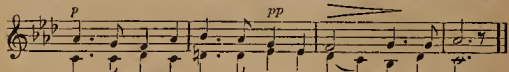
1. Fear not, child, if sad thy dreaming, All thro' the night,
2. An - gels watching ev - er round thee, All thro' the night,



Tho' o'er-cast, bright stars are gleaming, All thro' the night.
In thy slumbers close surround thee, All thro' the night

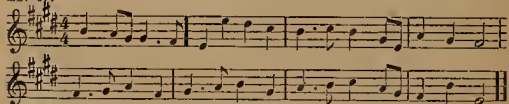


Joy will come to thee at morning, Life, with sunny hope a-dorn-ing,
They should of all fears disarm thee, No forebodings should alarm thee,

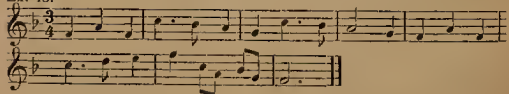


Tho' sad dreams may give dark warning, All thro' the night.
They will let no per - il harm thee, All thro' the night.

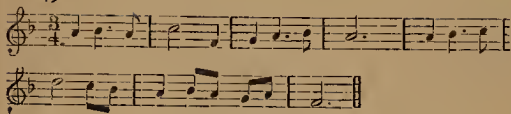
Ex. 47.



Ex. 48.

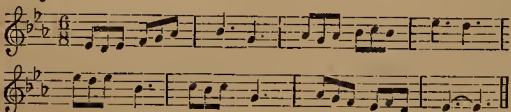


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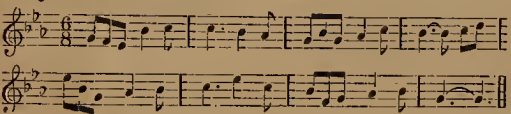


SIX-PULSE MEASURE.

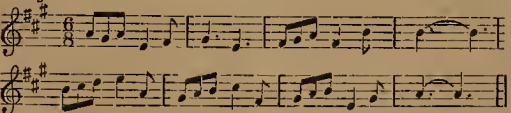
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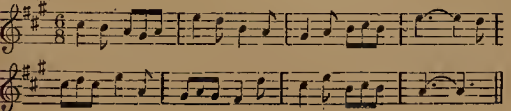
Ex. 51.



Ex. 52.



Ex. 53.



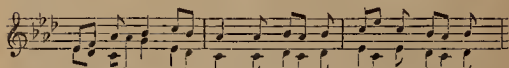
YE BANKS AND BRAES.

BURNS.

SCOTTISH.



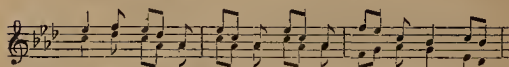
1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
 2. Aft ba'e I roved by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and



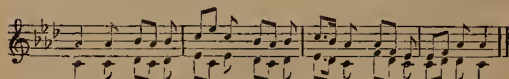
fresh and fair, How can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, And
 woodbine twine; And il-ka bird sang o' its love, And



I sae wea-ry, fu' o' care? Thou'lt break my heart, thou
 fond-ly sae did I o' mine. Wi' lightsome heart I



warbling bird, That wan-tons thro' the flow-ry thorn, Thou
 pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up-on its thorn-y tree; But



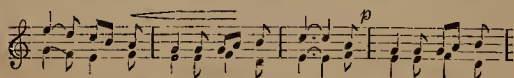
mind'st me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to return.
 my fause lov-er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SONG OF THE REAPERS.

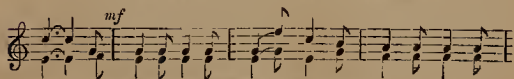
OLD ENGLISH



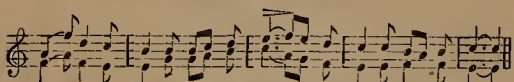
1. Through lanes with hedgerows pear - ly Go forth the reap-ers



ear - ly, a - mong the yel - low corn, A - mong the yel - low



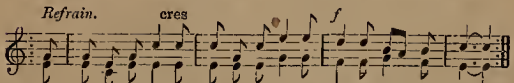
corn, Good luck be-tide their shear - ing, For Win - ter now is



near - ing, And we must fill the harn, And we must fill the harn.

Refrain.

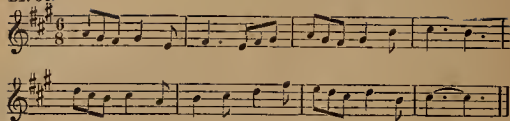
cres



Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, The hu - sy harv-est time,

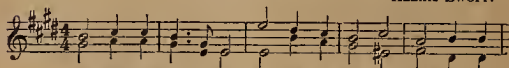
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. At noon they leave the meadow, Beneath the friendly shadow Of monarch oak to dine, Of monarch oak to dine. And 'mid the branches hoary, Goes up the thankful story, The harvest is so fine, The harvest is so fine.</p> | <p>3. And when the west is hurning, From shaven field returning, In merry train they come, In merry train they come. When all their hamlet neighbors, Rejoice to end their labours, With merry harvest home, With merry harvest home.</p> |
|---|---|

Ex. 54.

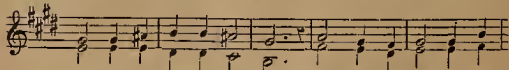


RUSSIAN HYMN.

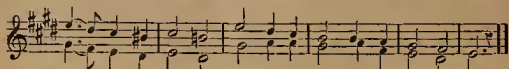
ALEXIS LWOFF.



1. God, the All-ter - ri-ble! King, who or-dain-est, Thunder Thy



clar-ion and lightning Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on

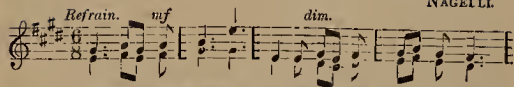


high where Thou reignest; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

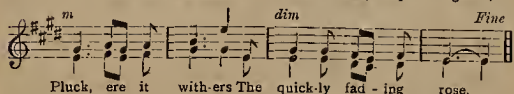
- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2. God the Omnipotent! Mighty | 3. God the All-merciful! Earth hath |
| Avenger, | forsaken |
| Watching invisible, judging un- | Thy ways all holy, and slighted |
| heard, | Thy word; |
| Save us in mercy, oh save us from | Let not Thy wrath in its terror |
| danger: | awaken: |
| Give to us peace in our time, O | Give to us pardon and peace, O |
| Lord. | Lord. |
4. So will Thy children, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword.
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord.

TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

NAGELL.



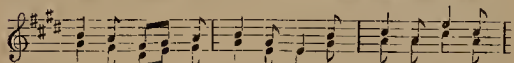
Taste life's glad moments While the wasting tap - er glows,



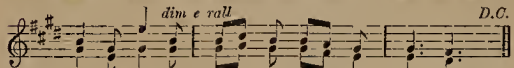
Pluck, ere it with-ers The quick-ly fad - ing rose.



1. Man blind-ly tol - lows grief and care; He



seeks for thorns and finds his share, While vio - lets to the

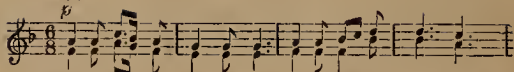


pass - ing air Un - heed - ed shed their blos - som.

2. When tim'rous nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Then Oh, how sweet when lulled the storm,
The sun shines forth at even.
3. And when life's path grows dark and straight,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.
4. She dries our tears, she strews our way,
Even to the grave with flowerets gay,
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
With pleasures still increasing.

THE ROSE.

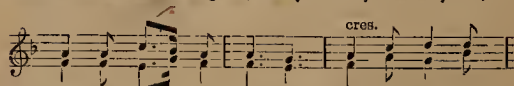
WERNER.

Andante.

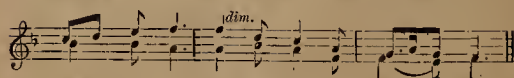
1. Once I saw a sweet-briar rose, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing



Bathed with dew and blushing fair; Gently waved by balm - y air,



All the air per - fum - ing, Gent - ly waved by



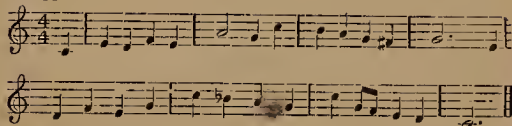
balm - y air. All the air per - fum - ing.

2. "Rose" said I "thou shalt be mine
All so freshly blooming,"
Rose replied, "Nay let me go,
Or thy blood shall freely flow,
For thy rash presuming,
Or thy blood shall freely flow,
For thy rash presuming.
3. Woe is me, I broke the stem,
Life and fragrance dooming;
Soon the lovely flower was gone,
And the thorns remained alone,
Vanished all its blooming,
And the thorns remained alone,
Vanished all its blooming,
4. Had I left thee, lovely flower,
In thy heauty blooming;
Bathed with dew and blushing fair;
Thou wouldst still have filled the air,
With thy sweet perfuming,
Thou wouldst still have filled the air
With thy sweet perfuming.

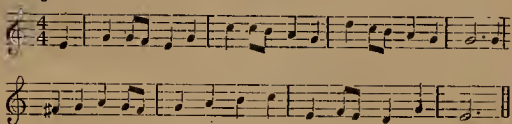
CHAPTER VI.

SHARP FOURTH FE; FLAT SEVENTH TA.

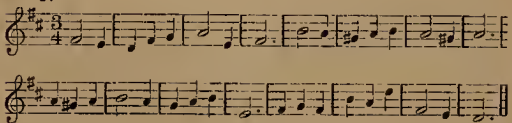
Ex. 55.



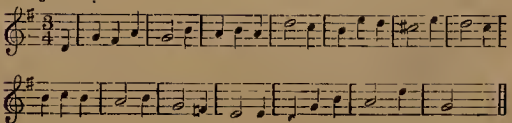
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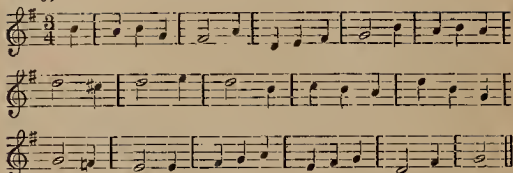
Ex. 57.



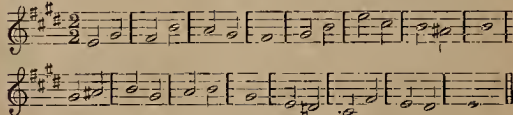
Ex. 58.



Ex. 59.



Ex. 60.



SLUMBER DEAREST.

mp *dim*

1. Slum-ber dear - est while a - bove thee An - gel eyes are bending
 2. Deep - er now the even - ing shadows Gath - er in the val - ley

cres.

now, And the star-ry pinions wav - ing Light-ly round thy placid
 fair, Softly, thro' the lat-tice steal-ing, Comes the cool re-fresh-ing

p *mp*

brow, All is hushed and still a - round thee, While my
air, Till the ros - y light of morn - ing Spark-les

All is hushed and still a - round thee,
Till the ros - y light of morn - ing,

cres.

lone - ly watch I keep; Thou art dream - ing, sweet - ly
o'er the crys - tal deep, Till the birds their songs a

While my lonely watch I keep;
Spark-les o'er the crystal deep,
Thou art dreaming, sweetly
Till the birds their songs a -

dim. *rall*

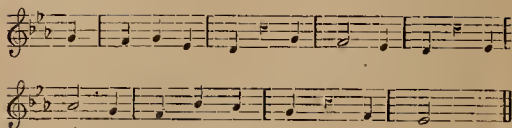
dream - ing; Sleep on, dar - ling, peaceful be thy sleep.
wak - en Sleep on, dar - ling, peaceful be thy sleep.

dream - ing.
wak - en.

Ex. 61.

SILENT PULSES. (RESTS)

Ex. 62.




A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

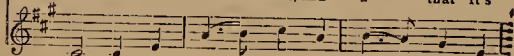
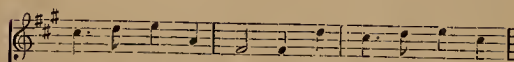
Words by ROBERT BURNS.

1. Is there for hon-est pov-er-ty, That hangs his head and
 2. What though on homely fare we dine, Wear hod-din-grey and
 3. A king can mak a helt-ed knight, A Mar-quis, duke an
 4. Then let us pray that come it may, As come it will for

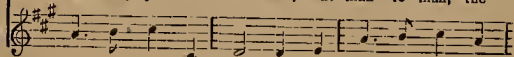

a' that? The cow-ard slave, we pass him hy, We dare be poor for
 a' that; Gie fools their silk and knaves their wine, A man's a man for
 a' that; But an hon-est man's a-hoon his might, Gude faith, he mau-na
 a' that; That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May bear the gree and



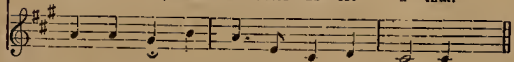
a' that! For a' that, and a' that, Our
 a' that! For a' that, and a' that, Their
 fa that, For a' that, and a' that, Their
 a' that, For a' that, and a' that It's

toils ob-scure and a' that; The rank is but the
 tin-sel show and a' that; The bon-est man, though
 dig-ni-ties and a' that; The pith o' sense, and
 com-ing yet For a' that; That man to man, the

guin-ea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.
 e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that,
 pride o' worth, Are high-er ranks than a' that.
 world o'er, Shall bri-thers be for a' that.



NOTE.—"In "A Man's a Man for a' that" we have the finest combination of practical philosophy, evangelical piety, and practical wisdom that ever was put into a popular song" PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

O CANADA!

(CHANT NATIONAL.)

HON. R. STANLEY WEIR, D.C.L.

C. LAVALLÉE

Maestoso f

1. O Can - a - da! Our home, and na - tive land,
 2. O Can - a - da! Where pines and ma - ples grow,
 3. O Can - a - da! Be - neath thy shin - ing skies

cres. *dim.* *mp*
 True pa - triot love in all thy sons com - mand. With
 Great prair - ies spread and lord - ly riv - ers flow. How
 May stal - wart sons and gen - tle maid - ens rise; To

glow - ing hearts we see thee rise, The True North, strong and
 dear to us thy broad do - main, From East to West - ern
 keep thee stead - fast through the years From East to West - ern

tr *cres.*
 free; And stand on guard, O Can - a - da, We
 sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou
 sea, Our Fath - er - land, our Moth - er - land! Our

f *cres.* *mf* Chorus

stand on guard for thee.
True North strong and free! O Can - a -
True North strong and free.

cres.

da! O Can - a - da! O Can - a - da we stand on

f

guard for thee. O Can - a - da we stand on

1st and 2nd times. 3rd time

guard for thee, guard for thee.

THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY.

WELSH MELODY.

mf

1. By the banks of yonder stream, Oft I sit me down and dream;
2. Where the lark is soaring high, In the blue and sun-ny sky,

p *mf*

Greeting fair they give to me, Sweet bells of A - ber - do - vey.
Sil - ver tones go forth so free Of the bells of A - ber - do - vey.

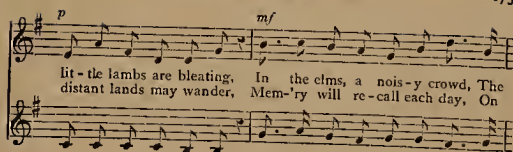
f *rall.* *p* *atempo.*

One, two, three, four, now they chime, They sound so clear at evening time, Sweet
One, two, three, four, now they chime, They sound so clear at evening time, Sweet

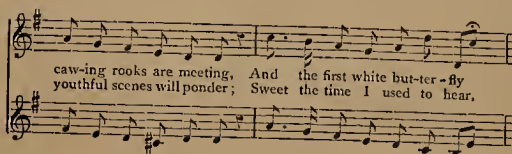
p

bells of A - ber - do - vey. When the birds are singing loud, And
bells of A - ber - do - vey. When a - far my foot-steps stray, In

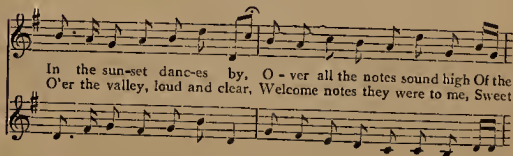
p *mf*



lit - tle lambs are bleating, In the elms, a nois - y crowd, The
distant lands may wander, Mem - ry will re - call each day, On

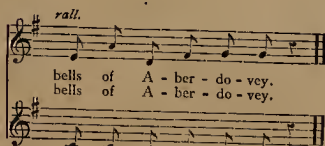


caw - ing rooks are meeting, And the first white but - ter - fly
youthful scenes will ponder; Sweet the time I used to hear,



In the sun - set danc - es by, O - ver all the notes sound high Of the
O'er the valley, loud and clear, Welcome notes they were to me, Sweet

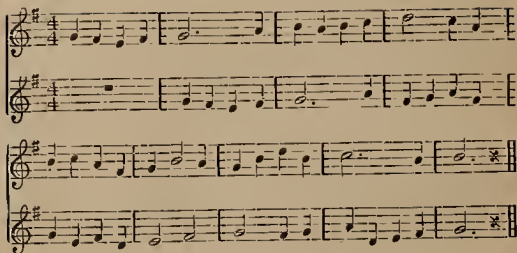
rall.



bells of A - ber - do - vey.
bells of A - ber - do - vey.

English words from Murdoch's School Songs.

Ex. 66.



JUST FOR TO-DAY.

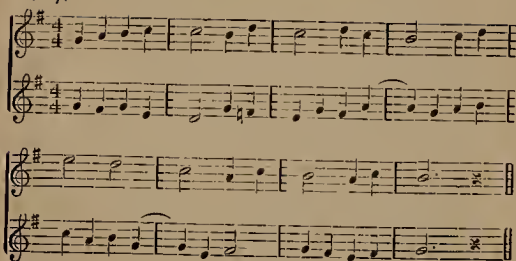
mp

1. Lord for to-mor-row and its needs, I do not pray,
 2. Let me do faith-ful-ly Thy work, And du-ly pray;
 3. Let me no wrong or i-dle word, Un-think-ing say:
 4. So for to-mor-row and its needs, I do not pray:

cres. *dim.* *p*

Keep me, my God from stain of sin, Just for to-day.
 Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to-day.
 Set thou a seal up - on my lips, Just for to-day.
 But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord. Just for to-day.

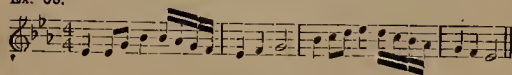
Ex. 67.



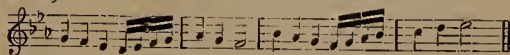
CHAPTER [VII.]

QUARTER PULSE DIVISIONS.

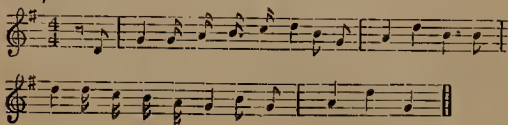
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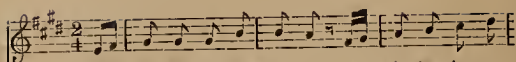
Ex. 69.



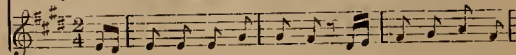

Ex. 70.



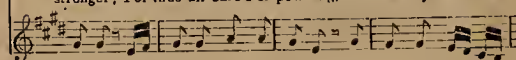
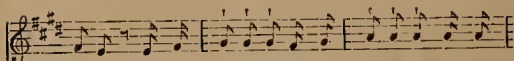
COME, LET US BE MERRY.



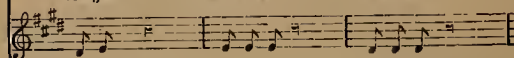
1. Come let us all be mer-ry, For griev-ing is a
 2. A-way with all the traces, Of sad-ness, gloom and
 3. So when the clouds are low'ring, Then let us laugh the

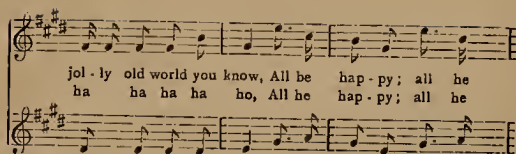



fol-ly; All care and trouble bury, And while we live be
 sor-row; If we must wear long faces, Let's keep them for to-
 stronger; For thus all care o'er-pow'ring, We'll sure-ly live the

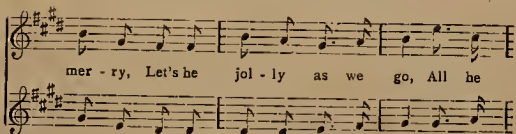



jol-ly. With a ha ha ha, And a ho ho ho 'Tis a
 mor-row.
 lon-ger. ha ha ha, ho ho ho,

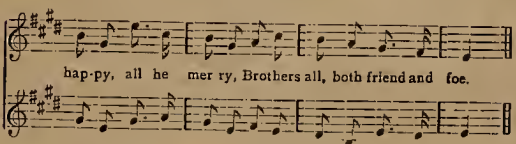




jol - ly old world you know, All be hap - py; all he
ha ha ha ho, All he hap - py; all he

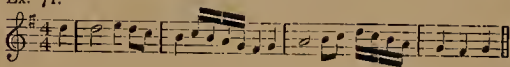


mer - ry, Let's he jol - ly as we go, All he

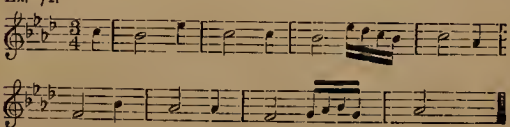


hap - py, all he mer ry, Brothers all, both friend and foe.

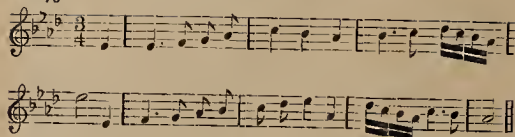
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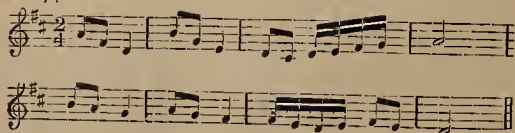
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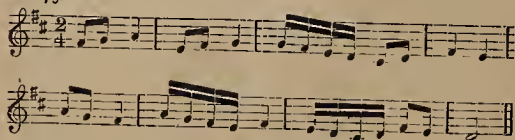
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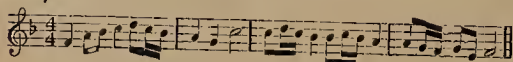
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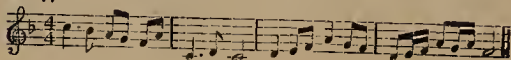
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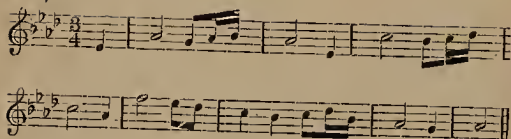
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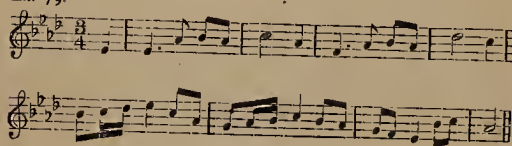
Ex. 77.



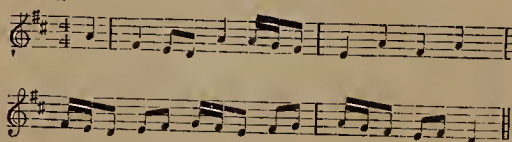
Ex. 78.



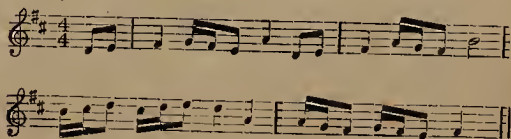
Ex. 79.



Ex. 80.



Ex. 81.



MEN OF HARLECH.

*Boldly. mf**mp*

WELSH.

1. Lo! the gladsome day is breaking, Beau-ty from her
2. Fare ye well, dear na - tive mountains, Val-leys green and

slum-bers wak-ing; Forth to bat-tle, men of Har-lech!
flow-ing fountains; Where the tide of war is rag-ing,

Onward to the fray. Penn-ons gay are streaming,
Thirther lies our way. On! a-way with langour,

Falchions brightly gleaming; Rush we like a might-y torrent,
On! thro' din and clangor, 'Neath the valiant Gwynedd's banner,

f

Ne'er of dan - ger dreaming; On where clouds of
 Brav - ing foe-men's ang - er, Where the dead - ly

mp

sil - ver lin - ing Show the sun of free-dom shin-ing,
 weapons rat - tle, Where the horsemen rush to bat - tle,

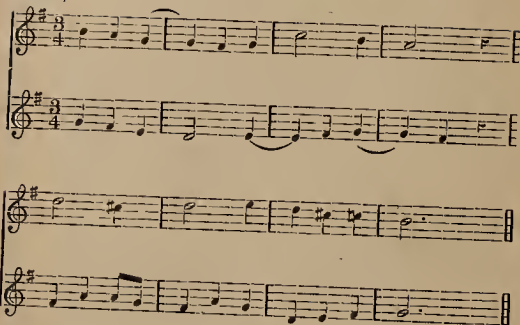
mf *f*

Forth to bat - tle, men of Harlech, Onward to the fray.
 There must be the men of Harlech, Foremost in the fray.

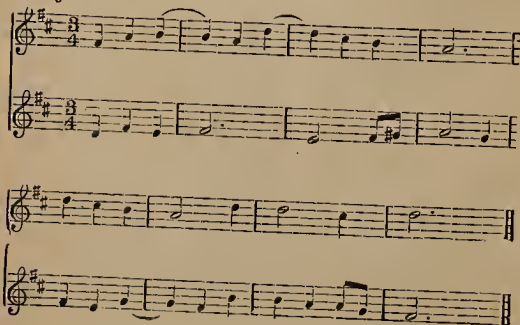
Ex. 82.

Ex. 83.

Ex. 84.

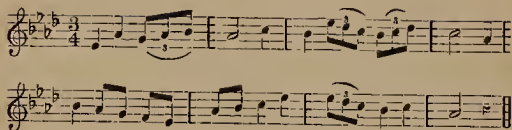


Ex 85.

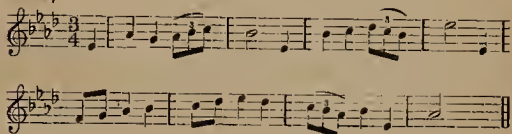


TRIPLETS.

Ex. 86.



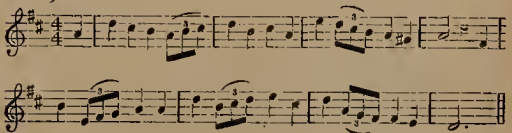
Ex. 87.



Ex. 88.



Ex. 89.



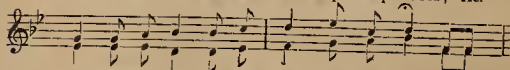
HEARTS OF OAK.

DAVID GARRICK.

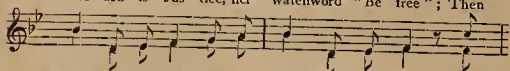
DR. BOYCE, 1759.

f Boldly.

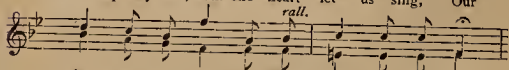
1. Come, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, 'fo
 2. We ne'er see our foes hut we wish them to stay, They
 3. Bri - tan - nia tri-um-phand, her ships sweep the sea; Her



add something new to this won - der - ful year; To
 nev - er see us but they wish us a - way; If they
 stand - ard is Jus - tice, her watchword "Be free"; Then

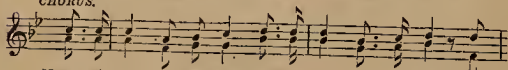


hon - our we call you, as free - men, not slaves, For
 run, why we fol - low and run them a - shore, For
 cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing, Our



who are so free as the sons of the waves?
 if they won't fight us we can - not do more.
 sol - diers, our sail - ors, our states-men, our King.

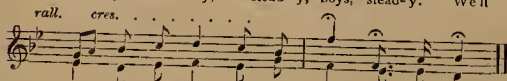
CHORUS.



Hearts of oak are our ships, Hearts of oak are our men; We



al - ways are read - y, stead - y, boys, stead - y. We'll



fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

WHEN THE CHILDREN SLEEP.

p *cres.*

1. When the lit - tle chil-dren sleep, When the stars are wak-ing,
2. When the lit - tle chil-dren sleep; An-gels wait be - side them

p *cres.*

An-gels fair from Heav - en come, And till day is break-ing,
Guard their beds with outspread wings, Harm can ne'er he - tide them;

m *cres.* *mp* *rall.*

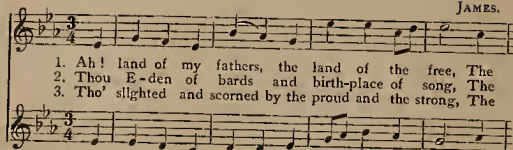
They will watch, those angels bright, By their beds till morning light;
And till dark-ness turns to light, They will stay, those angels bright.

p *tempo.* *rit.* *dim*

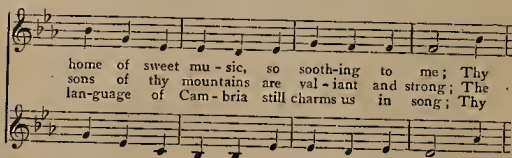
Stars and an-gels watch do keep, While the wea-ry chil-dren sleep.
Stars and an-gels watch do keep, While the wea-ry chil-dren sleep.

LAND OF MY FATHERS.

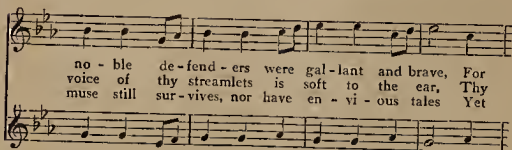
JAMES.



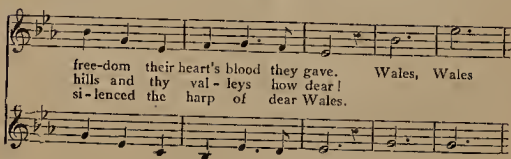
1. Ah! land of my fathers, the land of the free, The
 2. Thou E-den of bards and birth-place of song, The
 3. Tho' slighted and scorned by the proud and the strong, The



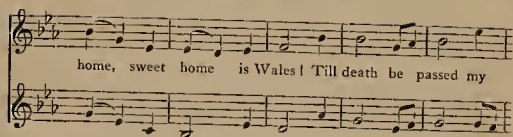
home of sweet mu-sic, so sooth-ing to me; Thy
 sons of thy mountains are val-lant and strong; The
 lan-guage of Cam-bria still charms us in song; Thy



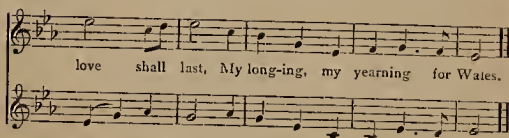
no - ble de-fend - ers were gal-lant and brave, For
 voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear, Thy
 muse still sur-vives, nor have en - vi - ous tales Yet



free-dom their heart's blood they gave. Wales, Wales
 hills and thy val - leys how dear!
 si-lenced the harp of dear Wales.

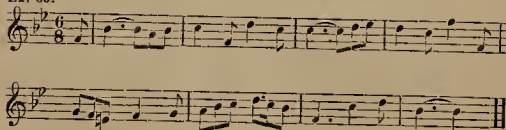


home, sweet home is Wales! Till death be passed my

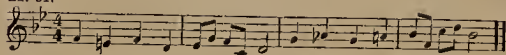


love shall last, My long-ing, my yearning for Wales.

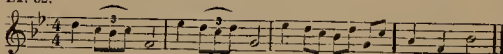
Ex. 90.



Ex. 91.



Ex. 92.



WE ARE PART OF BRITAIN.

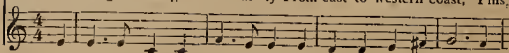
ELIZA WILLS.

mf

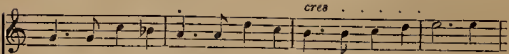
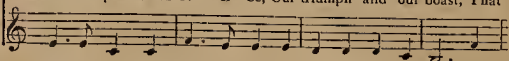
A. T. CRINGAN.



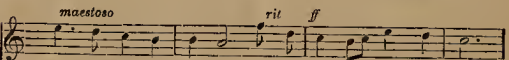
1. O dear-est is-land, far away Across the o-cean wide, Our
2. May choicest gifts from heaven above Up-on our king be showered, And
3. Then sing this song of fe - al - ty From east to western coast, This,



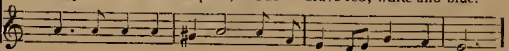
hearts are true to thee alway, What-ev - er may betide. All
with an Empire's loy - al love, May he for aye be dowered. We
this our pride shall ev - er be, Our triumph and our boast, That



o'er thy world-wide Empire vast, Thy children proudly sing, Our
love our own dear na - tive land, Home of the brave and free, But
o'er us waves the grand old flag, The emblem of the true, The



flag's the flag of Britain, And our song "God Save the King."
we are part of Britain, The Rul - er of the sea.
champion of the helpless, The brave red, white and blue.



REFRAIN *mf*

Yes, we are part of Britain, Right loy-al-ly we sing, Our
cres. rit
 flag's the flag of Britain, And our song "God Save the King."

MEMORIAL DAY.

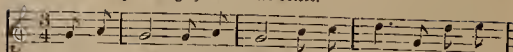
With expression

L. B. MARSHALL.

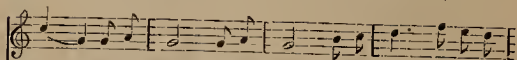
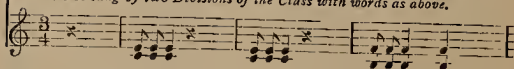
1. Not cost-ly domes, nor marble tow'rs, Shall mark where
 2. They rest in many a shaded vale, By, and be-
 3. They mer-it all our hearts can give, Our prais-es
 4. Blest be the land for which they fought, The land where
 friendship comes to weep; Let clust'ring vines and fragrant
 neath the sounding sea; The for-est winds their requiem
 and our love they claim; Long shall their precious names sur-
 Freedom's banners wave; The land by blood and trea-sure
Molto rit
 flow'rs Tell where the na-tion's he-roes sleep.
 wail, The glo-rious sons of Lib-er-ty.
 vive, Held sa-cred by im-mor-tal fame.
 bought, Where dwell the free, where sleep the brave.

By permission of Silver, Burdette and Company, Publishers.

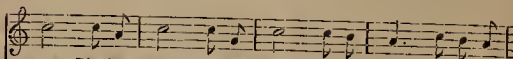
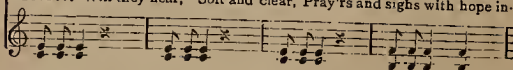
EVENING BELLS.

Moderato. May be sung by one or two voices.

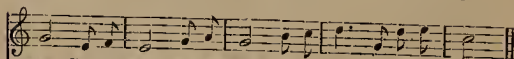
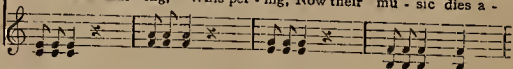
1. Waves of sound Float a - round, Meet and min - gle in the
2. Has our way Thro' the day With kind words and acts been
3. As they rise To the skies, Will that sigh be heard a -

To be sung by two Divisions of the Class with words as above.

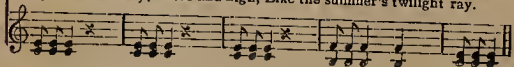
air;... Bless-ed bells! Each one tells Of the hour of even-ing
 strewn? Or has strife Marred our life, Have we seeds of dis-cord
 above?... Will they hear, Soft and clear, Pray'rs and sighs with hope in-



prayer, Ringing clear, Far and near, Now their sil - v'ry music
 sown? There are moans In their tones, As they min - gle float-ing
 wove? Mur-mur - ing, Whis-per - ing, Now their mu - sic dies a -



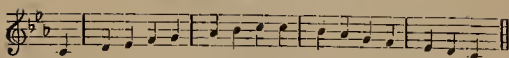
meets, Wav-er-ing, Quav-er-ing, Each the oth - er sweet-ly greets,
 high; 'Tis our wrong Dimstheir song With that low, sad trembling sigh,
 way In our sky, Clear and high, Like the summer's twilight ray.



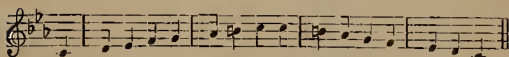
CHAPTER VIII.

THE MINOR MODE.

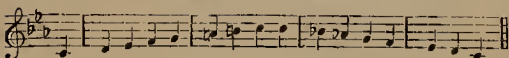
NORMAL MINOR SCALE.



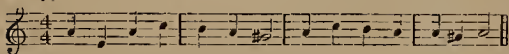
HARMONIC FORM.



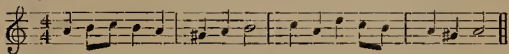
MELODIC FORM.



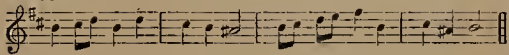
Ex. 93.



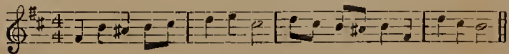
Ex. 94.



Ex. 95.



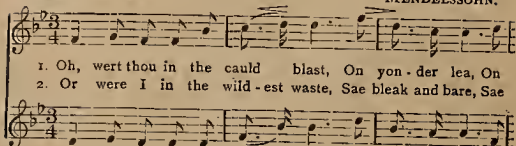
Ex. 96.



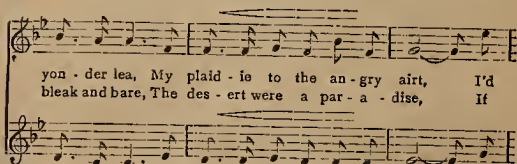
OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

ROBERT BURNS.

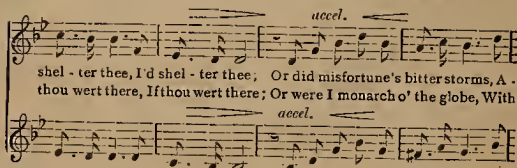
MENDELSSOHN.



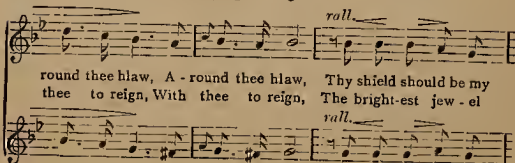
1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On
2. Or were I in the wild - est waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae



yon - der lea, My plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, I'd
bleak and bare, The des - ert were a par - a - dise, If



shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee; Or did misfortune's bitter storms, A -
thou wert there, If thou wert there; Or were I monarch o' the globe, With



round thee hlaw, A - round thee hlaw, Thy shield should be my
thee to reign, With thee to reign, The bright - est jew - el

bo - - som, To share it a', To share it a',
in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad he my queen.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. Above the staff, there are two slurs, each with the word "rit." (ritardando) written above it. The bottom staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. It contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the top staff, aligned with the melody.

Ex. 97.

Exercise 97 consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The time signature is 3/4. The melody in the top staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The second system also has a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The time signature is 3/4. The melody in the top staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature.

Ex. 98.

Exercise 98 consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F# major). The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the top staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The second system also has a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the top staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature.

THE EDUCATIONAL MUSIC COURSE.

EXERCISES FOR THREE VOICES.

WITH BASS CLEF.

Ex. 99.

Ex. 99. Musical score for three voices (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of two systems, each with three staves. The first system shows a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature, and a bass staff. The second system also has a treble staff with the same key signature and time signature, and a bass staff. The music consists of chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

Ex. 100.

Ex. 100. Musical score for three voices (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time, key of Bb major. The score consists of two systems, each with three staves. The first system shows a treble staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature, and a bass staff. The second system also has a treble staff with the same key signature and time signature, and a bass staff. The music consists of chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

SANCTUS.

CAMIDGE.

pp p mp cres. mf

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and

pp p mp cres. mf

earth are full of thy glo-ry; Glo - ry be..... to

mf rall.

Thee, O Lord Most High. A - men.

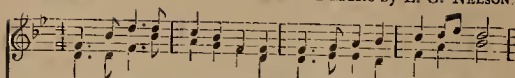
mf rall

Ex. 101.

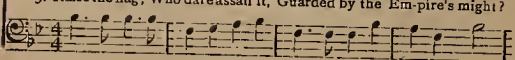

RAISE THE FLAG.

Moderato.

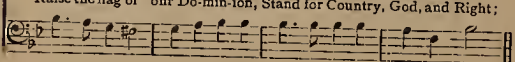
Words and Music by E. G. NELSON.




1. Raise the flag, our glorious banner, O'er this fair Can - a - dian land,
 2. Raise the flag, o'er hill and valley, Let it wave from sea to sea;
 3. Raise the flag, and, with the banner, Shouts of triumph let us raise;
 4. Raise the flag of the Do-min-ion, That the world may un-der-stand
 5. Raise the flag; Who dare assail it, Guarded by the Em-pire's might?

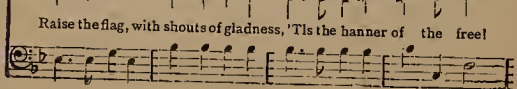
From the stern At - lan-tic O-cean To the far Pa - ci - fic strand.
 Flag of Can-a - da and Britain, Flag of Right and Li - ber - ty.
 Sons of Can-a - da will guard it, And her daughters sing its praise.
 This will be our en-sign ev-er, In our broad Can - a - dian land
 Raise the flag of our Do-min-ion, Stand for Country, God, and Right;



Chorus. f *cres.*



Raise the flag, with shouts of gladness, 'Tis the banner of the free!



Ex. 102 is a musical exercise in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a *rall* (rallentando) marking. The lyrics "Bright-ly gleaming, proudly streaming, 'Tis the Flag of Li-ber-ty." are written below the treble staff. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

Ex. 102.

Ex. 103 is a musical exercise in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff is composed of half and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.


Ex. 103.

Ex. 104 is a musical exercise in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the treble staff is composed of half and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

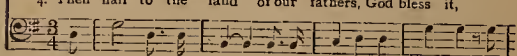

HAIL TO THE LAND.

DR. HARPER.

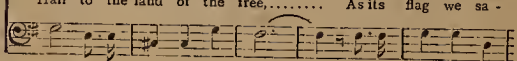
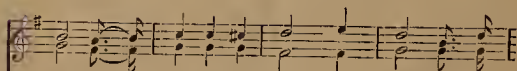
A. T. CRINGAN.



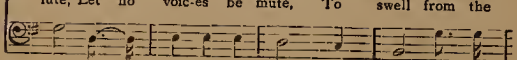
1. Hail to the land of our fathers, God bless it
 2. For God and their coun - try our fathers fought bravely, For
 3. Hail to the blend - ing of ra - ces, God bless it,
 4. Then hail to the land of our fathers, God bless it,

Hail to the land of the free,..... As its flag we sa -
 God and our country shall we,..... De - fend what is
 Hail to a peo - ple free-born,..... Let the Sax - on and
 Hail to the land of the free,..... As its flag we sa -

lute, Let no voic - es be mute, To swell from the
 right, Re - pressing the might, And the pride that op -
 Celt, With a tri - umph heart - felt, The hopes of our
 lute, Let no voic - es be mute, To swell from the



sea to the sea The song of the land that is free.
 press-es the free, That threatens the land of the free.
 na-tion a-dorn, The hopes of a na-tion free-born.
 sea to the sea The song of the land that is free,

Ex. 104.

Ex. 105.

Ex. 106.

ANNIE LAURIE.

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the

mf *dim* *p*

dew, And 'twas there that An-nie Lau-rie Gied
 swan, Her face it is the fair-est That

me her prom-ise true, Gied me her prom-ise true, Which
 e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on; And

dim. *mp* *dim*

cres. *f*

ne'er for-got shall be, And for bon-nie An-nie
dark-blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie

p *rall.* *D.C. verse 2*

Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
Lan-rie I'd lay me down and dee.

dim

3. Like dew on the gow-an ly-ing Is the fa' o' her fai-ry

pp *dim*

feet, And like wind in sum-mer sighing, Her voice is low and
With closed lips.

pp

sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for

p

cres

p *rit - e - dim*

bun-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.

p *rit - e - dim*

ROCKABY, LULLABY.

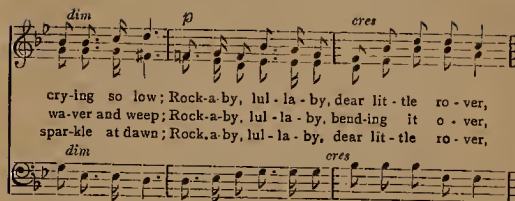
A. T. CRINGAN.

cres.

1. Rock-a-by, lul-la-by, bees in the clo-ver, Crooning so drow-si-ly
2. Rock-a-by, lul-la-by, rain on the clo-ver, Tears on the eyelids that
3. Rock-a-by, lul-la-by, dew on the clo-ver, Dew on the eyes that will

p *cres*

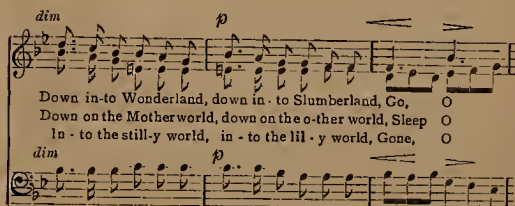
dim *p* *cres*



cry-ing so low; Rock-a-by, lul-la-by, dear lit-tle ro-ver,
wa-ver and weep; Rock-a-by, lul-la-by, bend-ing it o-ver,
spar-kle at dawn; Rock-a-by, lul-la-by, dear lit-tle ro-ver,

dim *cres*

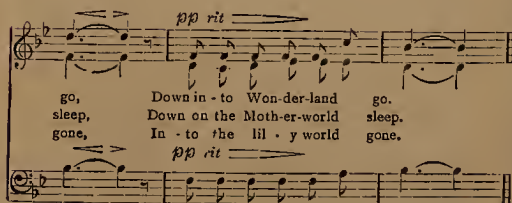
dim *p*



Down in-to Won-der-land, down in- to Slumberland, Go, O
Down on the Motherworld, down on the o-ther world, Sleep O
In - to the still-y world, in - to the lil - y world, Gone, O

dim *p*

pp rit

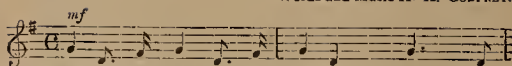


go, Down in - to Won-der-land go.
sleep, Down on the Moth-er-world sleep.
gone, In - to the lil - y world gone.

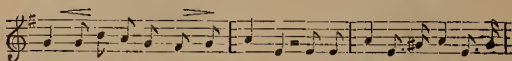
pp rit

THE MEN OF THE NORTH.

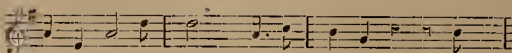
Words and Music H. H. GODFREY.



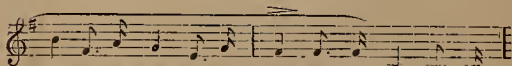
1. Come if you dare to the North-man's lair, the
2. We are the men of the fair far north, the
3. Men of the North! if to war we go forth, let our



tramp of your armies shall not shake us; Shout if you will we are
land of the maple spreads a-round us; Here shall we live not an
trust nev-er lie in mar-tial numbers; But in that spark blest in



free men still; words can-not break us; For
inch we give; none shall con-found us; For
each man's breast, the fire that nev-er slum-bers; That



we have the brain and the brawn and the blood of the
we have the land and the grain and the gold and should
da-tred of wrong and that pride in the right, and the

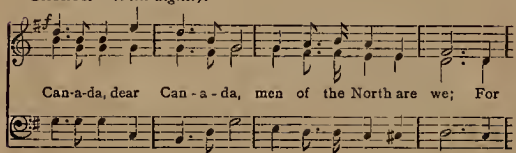


Sax-on and the Celt and the Gaul, And we fear not an-y man but we'll
foes for these e'er wish to try a fall, Why they'll find that we can fight when we
freedom that our forefathers won. No! We'll never yield a jot hut just



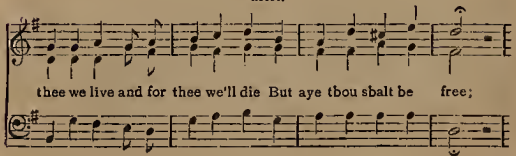
do the best we can when we march at our coun-try's call.
 know we're in the right and we march at our coun-try's call.
 keep what we have got if we fight till the day is done.

CHORUS. *With dignity.*



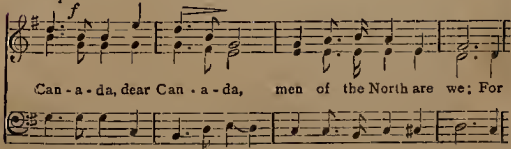
Can-a-da, dear Can - a - da, men of the North are we; For

accel.



thee we live and for thee we'll die But aye thou shalt be free;

sempre.



Can - a - da, dear Can - a - da, men of the North are we; For

rit

thee we live and for thee we'll die but ev-er more thou shalt be free.

AFTON WATER.

ROBERT BURNS.
Andante.

ALEX. HUME.

cres.

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton a-mong thy green hraes, Flow
2. Thy cry-tal stream, Af-ton how love-ly it glides, And

cres.

p

gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My
winds by the cot where my Ma-ry re - sides, How

p

Ma. ry's a - sleep by thy mur - m'ing stream; Flow
wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As

gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - - turb not her dream. Thou
gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave. Flow

stockdove whose ech - o re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye
gen - tly sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow

B2

wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorn-y den; Thou
gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays; My

green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming for - bear; I
Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - m'ring stream, Flow

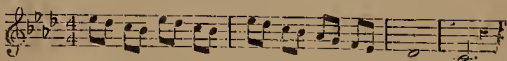
dim rall

charge you dis - turb not my slum - b'ring fair,
gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not ber dream,

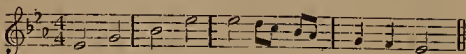
dim rall *pp*

VOICE EXERCISE.

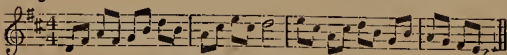
Ex. 1.



Ex. 2.



Ex. 3.



MARKS OF EXPRESSION.




| MARK. | WORD. | MEANING. |
|---|------------------|--|
| <i>m</i> . . | Mezzo . . | With medium, or ordinary force. |
| <i>p</i> . . | Piano . . | Soft (or softly). |
| <i>f</i> . . | Forte . . | Loud (or loudly). |
| <i>mp</i> . . | Mezzo-piano . . | Moderately soft. |
| <i>mf</i> . . | Mezzo-forte . . | Moderately loud. |
| <i>pp</i> . . | Pianissimo . . | Very soft. |
| <i>ff</i> . . | Fortissimo . . | Very loud. |
| <i>></i> | Sforzato . . | With emphasis. |
| <i>cres.</i> or  | Crescendo . . | Gradually louder. |
| <i>dim.</i> or  | Diminuendo . . | Gradually softer. |
| <i>rall.</i> . . | Rallentando . . | Gradually slower. |
| <i>accel.</i> . . | Accellerando . . | Gradually faster. |
| <i>rit.</i> . . | Ritardando . . | Slower, at once. |
| <i>ad lib.</i> . . | Ad libitum . . | At the will of the performer. |
| | Tempo . . | In the original time. |
| | Moderato . . | In moderate time. |
| | Legato . . | Smooth; connected. |
| | Staccato . . | Short; detached. |
| | Andante . . | Moderately slow. |
| | Allegretto . . | Slightly faster than Andante. |
| | Allegro . . | Quickly. |
| | Adagio . . | Very slow. |
| <i>D.C.</i> . . | Da Capo . . | Repeat from the beginning. |
| <i>D.S.</i> . . | Dal Segno . . | Repeat from the Sign. |
|  . . | The Sign . . | Beating twice, Two beats to be given in the measure. |

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